



The Old Marquis
OR
The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER XXXIII
DANGER AHEAD.

"And I'll bring him back with me. I'll tell you what. No, no! The faithful Lovel shall remain as a watchdog to guard over you, and keep you safe and secure until his lord and master returns!"

"Very well, dear," she said, quietly.

"And—and is there anything you can do while I am away to amuse yourself to pass the time away? You must have the brougham and do some shopping—"

She shook her head; it was hanging suspiciously low.

"No," she said, almost inaudibly. "I shall not go out; I will wait and count the hours till you come. Ah, Edgar! and she raised her head, the tears running down her face, "do you think there is anything in the whole world that would make time seem short to me while you are absent?"

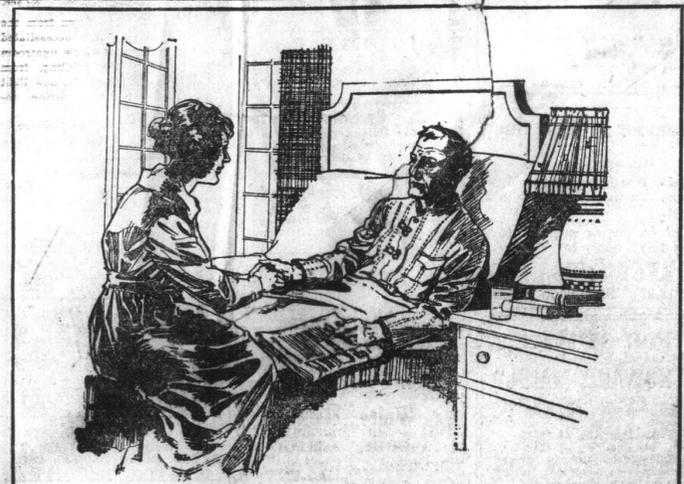
Her tears, that she tried hard to suppress, maddened him.

"By Heaven," he exclaimed, "it's not too late! What does anything matter, compared with your unhappiness? I will not go!" and he sprang to his feet.

Instantly she was standing beside him, her hands clasped on her heart.

"What have I said? What have I done? Edgar! Tell me—this business, is your honor concerned in it?"

"Yes," he said, his face grave and almost white.



"You Will Try the Nerve Food, Won't You?"

"YOU seem to think that it would help me."

"I don't think anything about it, I know it would."

"And how do you know?"

"From personal experience. Isn't that the surest way to know anything?"

"I guess you are right. But you know I never had any use for medicines."

"Not many people have so long as they are well, and you were always well until you had this nervous breakdown. That was just the trouble, you thought you could stand anything, and overworked until you had not an ounce of nerve force left. Now you have to build up the nervous system again."

"Oh, I will soon be all right."

"Yes, I think you will if you use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, but you know you have not improved one bit in the last three weeks, and it's time you got something to help you. I was not a nurse for nothing, I know what you need and I never found anything in all my nursing experience

that would build up exhausted nerves so thoroughly as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

"Well, I suppose I may as well give in, for I see you will have your way."

"Oh, I am so glad. I am going to send Bobbie to the drug store for half a dozen boxes right away."

"Why not try one first?"

"What is one box of medicine for a man whose nerves are in the condition yours are? This Nerve Food is not a miracle worker. It cures in Nature's way by gradually building up the depleted nerve cells. This is why the results are so certain and so lasting, but you must have a little patience."

"Oh, all right. You are the doctor. So we shall see what this Nerve Food will do for me."

Dr. Chase's Medicines are sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Newfoundland.

Wholesale from GERALD S. DOYLE, St. John's, Distributing Agent.

"Then," she said, gently, but a bit firmly, "you must go, Edgar! Not all the tears I can shed should keep you back. Your honor is almost as dear to me as your love. You must go! See I am not crying now! Why, you don't call a few tears crying! Look—I am quite happy!" and she raised her head and smiled up at him, a brave but a woeful little smile.

"Say but the word," he said, with a troubled frown.

"I shall never say it! I would rather die than say it," she said; and a light shone in her eyes that he had never before seen there. "Who am I that I should demand your honor as the price of a few hours? No! Edgar, you shall go and you shall not tell me where and why you went, until you come back."

"You are sure?" he said, still troubled, his eyes scanning her face.

"Quite. Certain!" she said. "And you go this afternoon?" she added, bravely.

"In an hour or less," he said, glancing over his shoulder at the clock.

"Then I must see to your things," she said, resolutely; and she moved away toward the dressing-room.

"Lovel has done that," he said, feeling wretched and guilty.

She smiled.

"Lovel! Do you think that I would leave it to Lovel? Lovel does all very well, did all very well until you got a wife, but now that you have one, and one who knows her place, Lovel is not to be trusted!" and with a smile she glided away.

He knew that she had gone, woman-like, to find some comfort in her duty, and so he let her go. In a few minutes she came back and nestled in his arms.

"It is all right dear. After all, Lovel is to be trusted!"

"That is why I leave him to guard you, dearest!" he murmured. "And you will be brave, Lela! You will not fret while I am gone? If I thought that you were going to spend the time I'm away in fretting—"

"Edgar, I will promise you that I will not shed a tear," she said, with sweet solemnity; and he knew what her promises meant, and was quieted.

Hours roll away all too quickly at such times, how much sooner, then, do minutes? The moment came when they were to part. If Lela had guessed of the business upon which he was bent, if he had known how much de-

ended on the fateful morning, there would have been no parting that afternoon between my Lord and Lady Fane! But they, like the rest of us poor mortals, were unable to pierce the thick veil between the present and the future, and so they whispered their loving good-by in blind trustfulness.

"To-morrow afternoon have dinner ready the usual time," he whispered, man-like, thinking of the event of the day. "And for Heaven's sake, don't fret!"

"I have promised!" she said, clinging to him for a moment. "Good-by! Oh, my love, my husband!"

Then she reached on tiptoe and put her sweet, pure lips to his for his last kiss, and gently, clinging still, put him from her.

CHAPTER XXXIV.
BOUND TO WIN.

Clifford Revel was waiting for Lord Edgar at the station, and greeted him with a smile that was rather one of relief. He had had his doubts whether his honor would prevail over love.

"Here you are then!" he said. "I've got your ticket, and here's a carriage."

Lord Edgar got in, and Clifford Revel followed and lighted a cigar.

"Much trouble in getting away?" he asked, with a smile; but Lord Edgar did not seem in a smiling mood. Indeed, there was a look in his face which Clifford Revel had seen once or twice before—a look which denoted at any moment became dangerous if not carefully handled. It was the look he had worn when Clifford Revel had suggested that they should conceal Flyaway's lameness and make capital out of it.

"I suppose Lady Fane did not like your leaving her?" said Clifford Revel.

"No," said Lord Edgar, almost coldly. "And I do not like coming; a very little would have made me throw up the engagement."

"Ah!" said Clifford Revel, with a smile that was almost a sneer. "It would have been the first time that you have broken your word to my knowledge."

Lord Edgar nodded curtly. Then he half arose from his seat and looked out of the carriage window eagerly.

"What is it?" demanded Clifford Revel.

"Eh?" said Lord Edgar. "That's strange!"

"What's strange? Heaven and earth, my dear fellow, what are you staring at?" he said, with an impatience which was novel in him.

Lord Edgar sunk back and took out a cigar.

"Why, it is rather a singular coincidence," he said, "but I have just seen your Mr. Browne, and he was with the man Lela described to me."

Clifford Revel did not change color, but his eyes scanned Edgar's face keenly.

"Not much of a coincidence," he said, lightly. "Perhaps Browne is just starting abroad; or he may have gone mad and that is his keeper. By the way, don't call him 'my' Mr. Browne, my dear Edgar; I only met him the other day before your marriage, quite casually, and he offered to perform the ceremony."

Lord Edgar nodded. The point seemed to him quite unimportant. He sighed as he made himself comfortable; the allusion to his marriage called up a vision of his darling left alone in the quiet rooms.

"You have made all arrangements, I suppose?" he said, listlessly.

"Yes," said Clifford Revel; "I have rented the same little house for the week—"

"I go back to-morrow, immediately after the race," said Lord Edgar, coldly.

A strange smile gleamed in Clifford Revel's eyes and flickered about his lips—a smile that, if one could have interpreted it, would have made one's heart shrink with a nameless fear.

"Yes?" he said, lightly. "Well, that's only natural. But I couldn't take the house for less than a week."

"And the horse?" said Lord Edgar, still listlessly.

"Went down last night," answered Clifford Revel. "He looked as fit as his most devoted admirers could wish! You saw him the day before?"

"Yes," said Edgar.

"And you thought he was alright?" asked Clifford Revel.

"Yes," assented Lord Edgar, absent-mindedly.

"Hem! Well, that's all right. I fancied that he was unusually restless and fidgety."

"You said just now that he was fit," said Lord Edgar, moodily. His thoughts were with Lela, and he longed to be quiet, and to be free to think of her. For once in his life "the horse" did not absorb him.

"I said 'looked!'" responded Clifford Revel, with a smile. "But it might only have been my fancy—I mean his restlessness. Only, if he should be in a worse temper than usual to-morrow, you will remember what I said."

Lord Edgar nodded.

"I dare say he will be in his usual tantrums when the crowd begins to shout. I wish we were well through it," and he sighed.

"Are you funking it?" asked Clifford Revel, with the nearest approach to a sneer that he permitted himself.

Lord Edgar looked up with astonishment.

"You know that I have never been afraid of him," he said, simply. "I certainly have not grown to fear him within the last week!"

"I'm glad of it," said Clifford Revel, "seeing that if you had, the race is as good as lost, and with it an immense amount of money! But if you are not afraid of Assassin, you are seriously down in the dumps, my dear fellow, and that will look bad."

Lord Edgar raised himself.

"See here, Cliff," he said, "I am a little quiet, because I hate the thing I am doing, and I detest having to do it without Lela's knowledge. It is the first concealment I have had from her; but do not fear, I shall carry out what I have promised, and if we have any luck at all, your—and my—money is quite safe."

"Right!" exclaimed Clifford. "That is something like the tone I wanted; and now I've roused the lion, I will subside in my paper till it is safe to emerge again," and laughing, he unfolded the Globe, and got into a corner with it.

(To be Continued.)

The Millinery Sale at Bishop's Showroom was the attraction of the city yesterday, the store being crowded both morning and afternoon. During the morning six dollar hats were sold for four dollars and fifty, and ten dollar hats for seven fifty; whilst in the afternoon thirty-six dollar hats went for as little as twenty-seven dollars. The sale will be continued until every hat is sold.

Fashion Plates.

A HOUSE DRESS FOR MATURE FIGURES



2842—This is a good style for a work dress, but equally suitable for porch wear. Percale, gingham, linen, lawn, repp, poplin, and seersucker, are desirable materials for this design. The sleeve may be in wrist or shorter length.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 4 1/4 yards of 44 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge, is about 2 1/2 yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A PRETTY PROCK FOR THE LITTLE MISS



2852—This design is pretty for dotted Swiss, for dimity, organdie, lawn, silk, voile and batiste. As here shown, figured and plain voiles are combined with "Val" lace and insertion for trimming. The tunic may be omitted.

This Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 will require 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

WOMEN'S
Light Weight Fleeced
UNDERWEAR

SECONDS,
Only 55c Garment

These garments are just about the right weight for this weather and are a bargain for these times.

HENRY BLAIR.

June 6, 1919.

New Relief For Constipation, "LES FRUITS"

Physicians agree that with the modern habits of living, constipation is likely to be always with us. They also agree that the constant use of any drug for the relief of constipation is exceedingly unwise—unwise for two reasons. First, a drug constantly used loses its effect and requires a constantly increased dose. Second, because the constant use of any drug is bad anyway.

So the cry is constantly going up from the constipated, "What can I do?" It will be interesting to a great many to know that an answer has been found in the re-discovery of a method which was used with great success by our Forefathers, and in Arabia far back in the twelfth century. The food is called "Les Fruits" because it is composed entirely of figs, dates, prunes, raisins and the leaves of each with the substitution of the Alexandra leaf for the raisin leaf. The taste is pleasant, if not to say delicious, and the effect is exceedingly satisfactory. Try it and be convinced.

SOLD ONLY AT
Ellis & Co., Ltd.
203 WATER STREET.

SLATTERY'S
Wholesale Dry Goods

are now showing:

Boys' Tweed Suits.
Men's Wool Socks.
Blouse Flannelette.
Dress Goods.
Misses' Dresses.
Remnants of Dress Goods
White Flannelette.

Crib Blankets.
Chintz Quilt Cotton.
White Nainsook.
White Cambric.
Children's Dresses.
White Pique.
Ladies' F. L. Underwear.

A large assortment of SMALLWARES always in stock.

SLATTERY BLDG., Duckworth & George St.

Forty Years in the Public Service, the Evening Telegram.

LORDS

Alcock and

Vickers - Vimy
teen Hours—
Miles a Minute

THE FIRST NEWS
LONDON, June 15.
The Vickers-Vimy bomber arrived at Clifden, Ireland safely at 8.40 a.m., Greenwich time.

FLIGHT IN 16 HOURS.
LONDON, June 15.
Capt. John Alcock and Lieut. Arthur W. Brown, in their Vickers-Vimy biplane, landed at Clifden, Ireland, this morning, completing the first non-stop airplane flight across the Atlantic. Their trip from St. John's, Nfld., was made in 16 hours and 12 minutes. The landing was made at 9.40 o'clock, British summer time. In taking the ground the machine struck heavily, and the fuselage ploughed itself into the ground. Neither of the occupants were injured. Much of the flight was made through a fog with occasional drizzle. This hampered the airmen considerably during their journey. Capt. Alcock explained the silence of his radio instrument during the trip, by saying that the wireless propeller blew off soon after the airplane left Nfld. "We were much jammed by strong wireless signals not intended for us," he added. When word was received here of the accident to the machine in landing, arrangements were made for mechanics to leave London immediately to make repairs. Word came from Clifden this afternoon that the pilot and the navigator of the biplane were leaving for Galway, whence Lieut. Brown planned to travel by train to London, arriving there on Tuesday morning. Capt. Alcock, however, hoped to be able to fly to London in the machine which made the record flight, as soon as it could be repaired, as it was planned to have him give an exhibition over London in the machine, if possible. The Aero Club received a message from Clifden not long after the trans-Atlantic fliers landed, signed by them, which merely stated their arrival. They requested instructions from the Club. In reply, the Club telegraphed Capt. Alcock, "Keep machine intact until observer arrives." The Air Ministry stated that certain marks were put on the airplane at Newfoundland which must be officially identified by a member of the Royal Air Force before the flight is declared to have been officially completed. It was said at the Ministry that it was probable one of its officials would leave Dublin in an airplane to relieve Alcock and Brown, but it was hardly believed there that the machine could be repaired before several days had passed, and it was thought both the aviators would proceed to England by train. Alcock and Brown stood the trip well.

S. A. GOLDEN JUBILEE.
LONDON, June 13.
The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Salvation Army, postponed from 1915 on account of the war, opened with a demonstration at Albert Hall last night. Messages from King, George and Dowager Queen Alexandra were read by General Booth, the commander, who in speaking of the early days of the Army, said that his father in founding the movement, made the Salvation Army a fighting religion.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARTER IN COWS.
William Wilson & Sons